

BEGINNING OF SOCIETY'S WINTER EXODUS.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

ALL society seems to be sailing for Europe these days, or preparing to sail. The season on the Riviera and in Egypt presents temptations for long purses that are hard to resist. Still, enough people are in town to gossip and to gossip about, and Cholly Knickerbocker to-day is doing his share.

New York.

A week of surprises of all kinds in wind and weather and people, and yet a very dull one at that. Men took to their flannels and women to their Summer gowns, and there is no doubt that physicians and undertakers will profit thereby.

In town, absolute stupidity. The clubs were filled until the end of the week by men who preferred to take the news of the cup contest from the tape and the ticker than to pass the day on a yacht or a crowded club boat. The air was filled with good-bys, not alone of "Summer," but to many personages here and there who will disappear from view until another Newport season. The country houses are booming, and the Hudson just now is very popular. The little communities at Tuxedo, at Meadowbrook and up in Westchester are having a gay enough time in their own particular way. Society is broken up absolutely into bits. The "wealthy" set being incapacitated by mourning from participating or lending in gayeties, there is social anarchy. From the present outlook, and regarding it in the most optimistic vein, it will be the dullest Winter New York has known for years. A few debutantes—and even these are not so sure—and the usual amount of dancing classes and two Assemblies. Any country town would offer the same list of attractions.

That New York is dull and that the inhabitants of the fashionable world are bored with it is proved by the remarkable "exodus"—this is a trite, cheap expression, but there is no other term so deft—of society this Winter. The majority of those whose names are enrolled in the One Hundred and Fifty will pass the season abroad. There will hardly be a handful left. Each out-bound ship is taking them away in swarms almost, and those who are coming in are few in number. This is so marked that it deserves attention. Just look at the list.

COLONEL and Mrs. John Jacob Astor sail in a fortnight. They will pass the Winter in Egypt. Cairo is one of the most fascinating places in the world. There is quite a nucleus for American society and there is also such a delightful sprinkling of royalties and semi-royalties, of nobles and the wealthy of all countries, such a charming climate, that no wonder New York, which can only offer the same treadmill of dinners and dances, should be deserted. You can get a new climate, and a fashionable one at that, when you will. Tiring of Egypt, there is the whole of Europe, or even India, from which to choose. According to the dictates of society in this city, there is nothing but absolute oblivion within a radius of two hundred miles of New York. Alken is played out; no one cares for South America, and you rarely hear nowadays of a Bermuda voyage, and there is nothing to do at Hot Springs except to take the cure and golf. The Astors will float down the Nile and will afterward return to Cairo and from there go to the Riviera. Their yacht will be placed in commission and they will cruise along the southern coast of Europe. Among their guests will be Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lawrence, whose wedding takes place at Newport on November 2. As is the dancier cri, there will be present only the family at this ceremony. Miss Willing, although a sister of Mrs. Astor, does not resemble her much in feature. She is pretty, in a different style; but more than that, she is extremely clever. She has never cared a bit for society, and intended this Summer to make serious studies at one of the vacation schools of philosophy. She is an artist of ability and an extremely well read and well informed woman. Frank Lawrence is a man who has lived a great deal abroad. He can talk of other things than golf and horses, and during the lifetime of his first wife, who was a Miss Laidler, was much at Pau and in Paris and in London. Mrs. John Jacob Astor will not return until the Newport season.

SOME people have said that New York is too large now and its society too scattered to maintain such a provincial personage as a social leader. However, the absence of Mrs. John Jacob Astor creates a distinct void. It removes from the opera alone, where one sees society on parade, a charming personality. Mrs. William Astor, or "Mrs. Astor," as she is now, may or may not return to this country. It has been announced by her relatives that she sails on November 1. It is also said that her health is much improved, but from what I know of Mrs. Astor I doubt that if she does return she will take any active part in society. If she remains with her daughter, Mrs. Haig, in London, it will make the family absence complete. Mrs. Orme Wilson seldom goes out in society. Mrs. Haig is preparing for a very brilliant social season in London. Parliament has met, and it is now considered smart to be in town during the Winter months and to rather avoid the great crush after the drawing rooms. Mr. Haig has political aspirations, and Mrs. Haig will be added to the list of American hostesses abroad.

THERE seemed no absolute reason why Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., should have gone abroad for the Winter. The death of Cornelius Vanderbilt places the Vanderbilt family in mourning. The Vanderbilts are very strict about this, and they have never taken to the English mourning customs which now prevail in the very fashionable families in this city. Six months is the term allowed for a brother or sister, and sometimes a year, but never over that period. For an uncle or an aunt three months have been deemed sufficient. Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has never been on very intimate terms with her father-in-law's family, and it is not believed that she should be plunged in mourning by the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt. Neither she nor the Duchess of Marlborough is wearing crape. Society looked to Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont for some entertaining of a lavish description. Mrs. Oelrichs has not yet gone abroad, but she will join her sister later. William K. Vanderbilt will go over in his yacht, the *Valiant*, and in the early Spring there will be a cruise on the *Riviera*. Egypt will be visited also. It is expected that in the later Spring Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., will return to New York, expectant of the arrival of the stork. By that time the new house at Oakdale will be completed, and the young couple will live there.

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT sails in two weeks for Europe. Her deep mourning, of course, deters her from going out in society, and the entire Vanderbilt family will be in retirement for the Winter. Mr. and Mrs. Fabbri have rented their New York house and will be abroad the entire Winter. Mrs. Fabbri was Miss Shepard. Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden, Jr., are likewise contemplating a European sojourn.

MRS. JAMES P. KERNOCHAN sailed on Wednesday for Europe. There is no surer indication of a dull season than the flight of Mrs. Kernochan. That she intends to stay a long time is patent from her having leased her house to the Howard Goulds and her Newport cottage to the Pembroke Joneses. Mrs. Kernochan will be in Egypt and later on the Riviera.

MRS. LADENBURG will sail in December. She passes the Winter at Cairo and on the Riviera. Mrs. Ladenburg does not do much large entertaining, but she is always a prominent figure at any of the social gatherings. She is wealthy, handsome, well born and independent, and this happy combination makes her a very fortunate woman. She will be in London during the Spring season.

MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN can hardly be looked upon now as a New Yorker. She is as much a London woman as the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Ronalds or Mrs. Vivian. Mrs. Bradley Martin is to entertain in London this year on what the circus managers would call an "unprecedented scale." She has been giving large house parties at her Highland home and has had as guest a man by the name of Gillet, who is one of the social promoters of London society. Mrs. Henry White, who is her sister, Miss Elizabeth, and Miss Erving, the sister of Langdon Sunbeam Erving, and Miss Halsey, of Newark. There will be a reception at the residence of Mrs. Anson Attebury, the aunt of the bride. Mrs. Julian Madan, who is well known in the little circle which is devoted to the playing of whist and seven-handed euchre, and in giving such delightful little entertainments last Winter, will marry Walden Pell Anderson—how these Pells are marrying this Autumn!—this coming week. Mrs. Madan was a Miss Appleton. Miss Edith Black marries Dr. Pearce Bailey on the 11th of November, and on the 16th Miss Gertrude Alexandre and Mr. Clark will be married at the beautiful Alexandre home on Staten Island. This will be a very large wedding, which will interest the younger set. Miss Isabel Cameron, who has entirely recovered her health, will be maid of honor, and there will be a bevy of young and pretty bridesmaids.

HOT SPRINGS has been rather dull. There has been a golf tournament, and the hotel people have been expecting Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. Oliver Belmont. Mrs. Belmont remains quietly at Hempstead, where it has been gay, after a fashion. Mrs. John Mackay's arrival was the signal for some large dinners, and although that lady will not remain in America, her son has taken the Cutting house on Madison avenue, and he and his pretty wife will be there the greater part of the Winter.

THE dance at Tuxedo on All Halloween will be the triumph of quite a gay season there. There will be the usual games, and the clubhouse will look its prettiest. There will also be an entertainment down at the Rockaway Hunt, and another at Meadowbrook. The hounds go bravely through their paces three times a week at Meadowbrook, and Eddie Reynal is having some fine runs over the Westchester hills.



Miss Eleanor Willing, the Third of the Famous Philadelphia Beauties.

Miss Eleanor Willing, the third of the quartet of Willing beauties, rivals each of her cousins, Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Miss Susan Willing, both as a beauty and social favorite. Left orphaned when but a child, Miss Willing and her sister, Violet, were reared by an aunt, Miss Hoy, at her home on De Lancy place. The elder Miss Willing developed into a dazzling beauty. Tall, blond, with a magnificent figure and graceful carriage, faultless in her attire, witty and brilliant in conversation, she was, soon after her debut, in constant demand. At dinners she is the life of the table, at the opera the admired of all, at the ball the much sought after for a dance.

Miss Willing soon became one of the most conspicuous and detectable figures in society. No social function was neglected by her, either. At the opera, every night of the season saw her in a box. She never missed an Assembly or any of the smaller dances. As for dinners, luncheons, teas and receptions, she is constantly on the go. Miss Willing bears the reputation of being one of the cleverest, if not the most clever, dinner conversationalists of her sex in the aristocratic city of the Quakers. During the Summer months Miss Willing spends the season at Bar Harbor, where her social success is as great as it is in Philadelphia.

Now for the weddings of the near future. I have spoken of that of Miss Willing to Frank Lawrence at Newport on November 2. On Tuesday, October 31, Miss Olive Van Rensselaer, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Killian Van Rensselaer, and Lewis Brown Gawtry will be married at Christ Church, Seventy-first street and Broadway. A Rene Moon will be the best man, and among the bridesmaids will be her sister, Miss Elizabeth, and Miss Erving, the sister of Langdon Sunbeam Erving, and Miss Halsey, of Newark. There will be a reception at the residence of Mrs. Anson Attebury, the aunt of the bride. Mrs. Julian Madan, who is well known in the little circle which is devoted to the playing of whist and seven-handed euchre, and in giving such delightful little entertainments last Winter, will marry Walden Pell Anderson—how these Pells are marrying this Autumn!—this coming week. Mrs. Madan was a Miss Appleton. Miss Edith Black marries Dr. Pearce Bailey on the 11th of November, and on the 16th Miss Gertrude Alexandre and Mr. Clark will be married at the beautiful Alexandre home on Staten Island. This will be a very large wedding, which will interest the younger set. Miss Isabel Cameron, who has entirely recovered her health, will be maid of honor, and there will be a bevy of young and pretty bridesmaids.

THE golf club at Greenwich opens next week, and this will make another good golfing ground near New York. LAKEWOOD has opened, and the George Goulds are settled in their new home, where they will entertain Lady Mary Sackville this Winter. George Gould has been over at the polo games at Staten Island. He and his wife may go to St. Louis for the polo tournament there. The Frederick de Peysters and all the Misses de Peysters have arrived at Lakewood, which is the signal for the opening of the season. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Twombly are expected there later, and Pierre Fencelon will direct the Lakewood hounds as usual.

THERE has been very much comment upon the plan of Mrs. John McLean to take a carload of attractive young girls with her during her husband's campaign for Governor in Ohio. He has a splendid private car, and the experience of stamping the State will be novel to such belles as Miss Robinson, of Baltimore, and Miss May Handy, of Richmond. They look forward to it as great fun. There are still rumors of the wedding of James Brown Potter and May Handy. Mrs. Jimmie has stated that a divorce has been obtained, so she must know. Whether she and Kylie Bellew will eventually pair off remains to be seen. The friends of Miss Handy deny the rumored engagement, but Potter is certainly most attentive, and New Yorkers are prepared for a surprise at any moment.

THE Drexel family is congregating at Philadelphia for a series of triumphal banquets for their niece, Minnie Pell, and her cousin, who are to be married some time in December. Anthony Drexel is the host, and every one is waiting to hear if he proposes, after all, to accept a "yah!" as a big fat check. The Drexels live in a feudal castle in England, and are very aristocratic. They will not come back this year.

THERE is only one solution as to the reason of this general exodus. Society is bored. The very wealthy people, who have made a small circle for themselves, and who have given entertainments of such cost and magnificence that only those who had millions could hope to equal, are tired. They have made the great dollar-mark an essential for social preferment, and each year the set has grown smaller, and according to possibly their idea, it has been "weeded" out. There are only left the representatives of some two dozen families, and, with feuds and divorces, these are split up into clans. Society has tried everything, and the doll is stuffed with sawdust. There is, however, a new world to conquer. There is nothing more to be gained here. The little set are rulers, and these sovereigns are wary of the admiration and envy of the others. They have, perhaps, the pleasure of knowing that abroad they can only go so far, and that although they may even meet royalty and marry into great and powerful families, there is a certain limit to yond which they cannot pass, at least for some time. It will take generations to break down the barriers of European caste and tradition. Much has been done in England and France, but there is still Austria and Germany to conquer. All this is amusing, and far more than cake walks and dinners de luxe and cotillions and fancy dress parties. For those who are left behind, the departure of the great leaders may be a blessing, and there is no doubt that the dancing classes and the various small sets will now make the most of the opportunity, and that perhaps there will be some new blood infused into the social body. The advent of the Goulds and the Crockers and the Clarks, with their vast fortunes, promises a new state of things, and we can only wait and see.

Now, for what we have left, let us be thankful. The past week has been very dull. There were some weddings, and the two most notable were those of Miss Laura Prince Jay and Mr. Frederick Wells, at the Church of the Incarnation, and Osgood Pell and Miss Townsend, at Babylon. The Baltimore people had a very lively tournament, and there was some fun down the bay. All the English guests departed, including the two Belgian Princes, Muriel Wilson and the Beresford. The Oceanic was jammed, and her sailing marked the beginning of the travelling season. To-day, there are house parties at Staatsburg, the residence of the Ogden Millises, at Farncliffe, where Mrs. John Jacob Astor is entertaining the Arthur Kemps; at the Mortons', and at the Speyers', at Scarborough-on-the-Hudson. There was an informal dance last evening at Tuxedo, and some golf playing at Morristown. The yachting parties diminished in number, and the club boats were not crowded in their excursions to the cup races.

I THINK I alluded last week to the Whitehouse expedition in Africa, and I have omitted from my list of notable absentees the name of Cope Whitehouse, who goes to dig a lake in the Desert of Sahara. But the other Whitehouse is quite a surprise. I have seldom known a family who in a short time became so very English as these Whitehouses. I can see the boys dancing around Newport with the latest British get up and their Eton accent, and I have been duly impressed that one of them married the daughter of a real live knight, possessing the rather pronounced London name of Duntze. And then I look back a few years and I see the family in Chicago, where the Potter Palmers come from. In those days there were several of the elder Whitehouses, and one was a little fellow, whom the men used to call the "Cottage." But this is all over now. Willie Whitehouse at the head of sixty men is going forth to the source of the Nile. Will he place the American or the British flag on the site of his discovery? Well, exploration is quite useful, and one has hopes of Newport after this. Cope will not attempt so dangerous an undertaking. He will be in Cairo, to remind the Americans there that there is a Newport far away.

THERE has been no doubt whatever as to the intention of Mrs. Duncan Elliot. Her residence at Newport now tells the story. The divorce from her husband will be very quietly obtained, and, owing to certain circumstances, I doubt very much if there will be any defence at all. The rupture is absolute and complete. Mrs. Elliot is visiting her sister, Mrs. George de Forest, in town, this week, and I saw her at the Waldorf, where for several afternoons there has been quite a little crowd of well-known people. She is looking very well. Her children will remain in Newport.

MRS. BURKE ROOME has been in Boston. Her daughter Cynthia will not come out this Winter, and her boys will go to a fashionable boys' school in Massachusetts. Madison Square is not waking up very fast. The Fred Kernochans have opened their house, but the Townsend Burdens linger at Newport. Mrs. Burden is undecided as to the debut of her daughter.

MET Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish in the beginning of the week. Marion Fish will go out but very little in society this Winter. The Elsiea Dyers, Jr., will bring out Miss Swann, Mrs. Dyer's daughter, in Baltimore at the Bachelors' german, on December 4. They will not give any large entertainment in New York.

THE Pembroke Joneses have at last arrived at the summit of their ambition. They will have the Cloisters, Mrs. Kernochan's cottage, next Summer, at Newport, and, with the *Narada*, Mr. Walters' yacht, they will do a great deal of entertaining. They will put the yacht out of commission for a time, and they will use the triple plural, as Walters and the Pembroke Joneses are good comrades—will go abroad, following the fashionable running.

MRS. OGDEN GOELET and Miss Goelet have made England their home. There has been some rumor of their coming over here for a short visit, but they have engagements ahead for several months. Mrs. Robert Goelet will be here a part of the season, but as she is in very deep mourning she will not entertain.

THE Miss Underhill who has been winning all the golf championships and who astonished people at Philadelphia is a granddaughter of the late Charles A. Dana, which possibly explains many things. Miss Underhill goes at golf as if it were a monster to be subdued, and she gets there. She is a Long Island girl, and she has lived out of doors more or less all her life. She learned her golf tactics, however, from an Englishman at Colorado Springs some years ago, and she is letter proof.

DEAR Jimmie Van Alen has been driving through the Berkshires and illuminating Lenox with the glow of his presence. He says he will never be an Englishman and he will live in America, but for the present he thinks it better in England, where he has hired a new house and where he will ride to hounds with his two daughters. He has not expressed any opinion whatever on the proposed arrival of Harry Lehr in England, which will take place, it is rumored, about Christmas.

I DO not believe the rumor that Bob Gerry will marry Edith Grey, although they are both in the same set and have been thrown more or less together since childhood. The Gerrys are very ambitious, and Bob is the son on whom they have placed all their hopes. The other son is something of an invalid and is at Colorado Springs. Edith Grey is one of the daughters of Judge Grey. He married a second time Mrs. Turnbull, who had one son by her second husband, she having been married three times. There are a great many children in the Grey family, but they have inherited some money, as their mother was a Miss Gunther and the sister of Mrs. Wilbur Bloodgood. Their stepmother has been a model of a mother and they are devoted to her. Bob Gerry, of course, will be very rich, and a wedding in the Gerry family would be something of a novelty.

THE Opera Club has actually been incorporated. I thought it had gone the way of the Mieux and other faddist clubs. The Opera is the child of the famous Vaudeville, and Preble Tucker, who is the child of the famous Vaudeville, and Preble Tucker, who is a species of Oliver Sumner Teall, was its father. He is also associated with the Opera. I have not heard from Teall for some time, but I saw that he had erected a stand for the Dewey parade and had organized a club or something of the sort for the comfort of visitors. Charley Matthews, who is the other organizer of the Opera Club, is a young man who has written books on architecture and who was one of the ushers at the Hammond-Sloane wedding. He is very musical, and he used to write Wagnerian criticisms in the days of that extraordinary publication *Vanity*, issued by Kelly Brothers and edited by an Irish gentleman by the name of Nugent Robinson, about whom I have heard very little recently. The publication of *Vanity* was one of the greatest jokes of the season, and the poor Kellys, I think, paid pretty well for their journalistic experience. Wyndham Quinn, who has since disappeared from the field of action, bought a castle in Ireland, and will no doubt have around it a beautiful castle garden, at the landing of which his father never ashamed to tell his first experiences. The present generation seems lost in nobility and aesthetics.